

Pretty near time to send for a rain-maker.

"D. U. R. is done with politics." Tell it to the marines.

The departing guest at a Japanese hotel always receives a gift, usually a towel.

New York's subway is being exposed again, but it has never yet been fully aired.

Most of us who are the architects of our own fortune only get a chance to build air castles.

It is difficult to preserve one's gravity in the presence of a man who says he has suspended his.

A Jersey minister has married 1,000 couples. The strange feature is that he's bragging about it.

The man who threatens suicide is usually the first to yell for a mustard plaster if he has a pain.

With the vindictiveness of a woman bound to get even with the literary critics, Marie Corelli has shot out another book.

The end of the honeymoon is well in sight when a man complains of the number of buttons on the back of his wife's blouse.

If life were a melodrama, we'd get our reward in the fifth act. As it is we have to wait until the final curtain has dropped.

The man who is compelled to look life in the face would often, after close inspection, prefer to turn his back upon it.

Some of the suffragette banners are described as highly artistic and decorative. The ornamental instinct will not be suppressed.

There is only one person more inconsistent than an insurance agent, and that is a woman discussing the perfections of her baby.

Now that the country has been so generally denuded of forests all the year round is the reason for disastrous American floods.

St. Louis is talking of having an "ugly dog show." Dachshunds and prize bulldogs are to be excluded in order to give the other dogs a chance.

Why with bank robberies, hold-ups and desperate encounters, the small person in search of the sensational need only read the newspapers nowadays.

The war department is going to issue a new cook book for the army. In this book the menu will lead the simple life, and incidentally, so will the consumers.

In reflecting upon the possible future of the airship as a freight carrier allow your mind to dwell for a moment upon the impracticability of establishing custom houses in the air.

The report that a Russian prince is about to marry an American singer is disquieting. It is enough for foreign nobility to be marrying our money without also cornering our talent.

How many Chicago people know, for instance, that Chicago has considerably more than 3,000 acres of public parks, and that these parks are regarded as models for all the world?

A Chicago woman, guided by a spirit, found a large sum of money. A man, guided by spirit, finds it hard enough to find his way home without adding treasure-seeking to his troubles.

Automatic announcers, it is reported, are to tell the streets as the cars approach them. "Automatic" sounds rather wooden for the job, but any kind will beat what street car patrons get now as a rule.

Wilbur Wright has beaten the world's record in the matter of sailing in an airship and is now king of the air. But at present his kingdom is but a sparsely populated one, though it is hard to say when it will not be of many subjects.

Idle and inconsiderate persons take pleasure in putting freak addresses on letters, to test the ingenuity of the clerks in deciphering puzzles. The British postmaster general has very properly given orders that government employees must not hereafter waste their time, which is public money, in trying to decipher intentional cryptograms.

In Germany the princes of the imperial family do not have to run for office. They are born elected, so the limb of the family who is cutting down trees so that his form may return to its sylphlike shape of former years will not have to join the wood-choppers' union or get it in the neck at the polls.

All German soldiers must learn to swim. Some of them are so expert that, with their clothing on their heads and carrying guns and ammunition, they can swim streams several hundred yards wide.

The fact that the street railways of Chicago are trying to prevent women getting off the cars backwards should rouse a protest from every thinking member of the sex. It is an infringement of a petticoated right that has been acknowledged ever since street cars were.



# SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in his important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Wilton leaves Giles in their room with instruction to await his return. Hardly has he gone than Giles is startled by a cry of "Help." Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley is himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nahl is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Dudley gets his first knowledge of Decker, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. He learns the note was forged. He is provided with four guards, Brown, Barkhouse, Fitzhugh and Porter. He hears there is to be no trouble about money as all expenses will be paid, the hire of the guards being paid by one "Richie." The body of Henry Wilton is committed to the vault. Dudley responds to a note and visits Mother Borton in company with Policeman Corson. Giles Dudley again visits the Knapp home. He is fascinated by Luella and bored by Mrs. Bowser. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. Luella is dumbfounded when she and Dudley see her father coming from an opium den. Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down. Giles begins firing.

## CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"There's one fellow there," I said. "But it's the one I knocked down." "Can't you see the others?" inquired Luella. "No more in sight," said I, after a bolder survey. "They've run away." "Oh, I'm glad," said Luella. "I should have seen them always if you had killed them. Why did they attack us?" Before I could reply to Luella's question, a tattoo was beaten upon the door and a muffled shout came from the other side. I stepped down from the stair to listen. "Are you hurt?" shouted Corson. "What's the matter?" "No damage," I returned. "I drove them off." Corson shouted some further words, but they were lost in a sudden murmur of voices and a scuffle of feet that arose behind. "Look out!" cried Luella peremptorily. "Come back here!" I have said that the passage opened into a little court, and at the end a lamp gave light to the court and the passage. As I turned I saw a confusion of men pouring into the open space and heading for the passage. They were evidently Chinese, but in the gleam of the lamp I was sure I saw the evil face and snake-eyes of Tom Terrill. He was wrapped in the Chinese blouse, but I could not be mistaken. Then with a chorus of yells there was the crack of a pistol, and a bullet struck the door close to my ear. It was all done in an instant. Before the sound of the shot I dropped, and then made a leap for the stair. "Oh!" cried Luella anxiously; "were you hit?" "No, I'm all right," I said, "but it was a close shave. The gang means mischief." "Well, tell me something I can do," she said. I gave her my small revolver. "Hand that to me when I want it," I said. "If I'm killed, get up the stairs and defend yourself with it. Don't fire unless you have to. We are short of ammunition." I had but three shots in the large six-shooter. "Are they coming?" asked Luella, as the wild tumult of shouts stilled for a moment and a single voice could be heard. I peered cautiously around the corner. "There's a gentleman in a billycock hat who's rather anxious to have them lead the way," I said; "but they seem to prefer listening to fighting."

The gentleman whose voice was for war I discovered to be my snake-eyed friend. He seemed to be having difficulty with the language, and was asking out his Pidgin-English with pantomime. "There!" cried Luella with a start; "what's that?" A heavy blow shook the walls of the building and sounded through the passage. "Good!" I said. "If our friends yonder are going to make trouble they must do it at once. Corson's got an ax, and the door will be down first they know." "Than Heaven!" whispered Luella. And then she began to tremble. The blows followed fast upon each other, but suddenly they were drowned in a chorus of yells, and a volley of revolver shots sent the bullets spitting against the door. "Look out, Miss Knapp," I said. "They're coming. Stand close behind me, and crouch down if they get this far."

The band was advancing with a frightful din, but was making more noise than speed. Evidently it had little heart for its job. I looked into the yelling mob for the snake-eyed agent of Doddridge Knapp, but could not single him out. I dared wait no longer. Aiming at the foremost I fired twice at the advancing assailants. There were shouts and screams of pain in answer, and the line hesitated. I gave them the remaining cartridge, and, seizing the smaller weapon from Luella, fired as rapidly as I could pull the trigger. The effect was instantaneous. With a succession of howls and curses the band broke and ran—all save one man, who leaped swiftly forward with a long knife in his hand. It would have gone hard with me if he had ever reached me, for he was a large and powerful fellow, and my last shot was gone. But in the dark and smoky passage he stumbled over the prostrate body of the first desperado whom I had been fortunate enough to knock down, and fell sprawling at full length almost at my feet. With one leap I was on his back, and with a blow from the revolver I had quieted him, wrenched the knife from his hand and had the point resting on his neck. Luella gave a scream. "Oh!" she cried, "are you hurt?" "No," I said lightly, "but I don't think this gentleman is feeling very



well. He's likely to have a sore head for a day or two." "Come back here," said Luella in a peremptory tone. "Those men may come again and shoot you." "I don't think so," said I. "The door is coming down. But anyhow, I can't leave our friend here. Lie still!" I growled, giving the captive a gentle prod in the neck with the point of his knife to emphasize my desire to have peace and quiet between us. I heard him swear under his breath. The words were foreign, but there was no mistaking the sentiment behind them. "You aren't killing him, are you?" inquired Luella anxiously. "I think it might be a service to the country," I confessed, "but I'll save him for the hangman." "You needn't speak so regretfully," laughed Luella, with a little return of her former spirit. "But here our people are." The ax had been pried steadily, but the door came down with difficulty. At last it was shaking and yielding, and almost as Luella spoke it swayed, bent apart, and broke with a crash, and with a babel of shouts Corson, Porter, Barkhouse and Wainwright, with two more policemen, poured through the opening. "Praise the powers, you're safe!" cried Corson, wringing my hand, while the policemen took the prostrate Chinese in charge. "And is the young lady hurt?" "No harm done," said Luella. "Mr. Wilton is quite a general." I called my men aside and spoke sharply. "You haven't obeyed orders," I said. "You, Porter, and you, Barkhouse,

were to keep close by me to-night. You didn't do it, and it's only by good luck that the young lady and I were not killed. You, Wainwright, were to follow Tom Terrill. I saw Terrill just now in a gang of Chinese, and you turn up on the other side of a barred door." Porter and Barkhouse looked sheepish enough, but Wainwright protested: "I was following Terrill when he gets into a gang of highbinders, and goes into one of these rooms over here a ways. I wait a while for him, and then starts to look around a bit, and first I knows I runs up against Porter here hunting for an ax, and crazy as a loon, saying as how you was murdered and they had got to save you." "Well, just keep close to me for the rest of the night and we'll say no more about it. There's no great damage done—nothing but a sore knuckle." I was feeling now the return effects of my blow on the coolie's chin. "I don't understand this, Mr. Wilton," said Corson in confidential perplexity. "I don't see why the haythen were after yez." "I saw—I saw Tom Terrill," said I, stumbling over the name of Doddridge Knapp. I determined to keep the incident of his appearance to myself. "I don't see how he worked it," said Corson with a shake of the head. "They don't like to stand against a white man. It's a queer tale he must have told 'em, and a big sack he must have promised 'em to bring 'em down on ye. Was it for killin' ye they was tryin', or was they for catchin' yez alive?" "They were trying to take us alive at first, I think, but the bullets whistled rather close for comfort." "I was a little shaky myself, when they plunked against the door," said Corson with a smile. While Corson was attempting to explain to Mrs. Bowser the nature of the blackmailing bands of the Chinese criminal element, Luella said: "Please get us out of this. I can't stand it." I had marveled at her calm amid the excited talk of those about her, but

perhaps my life. Believe me—I am grateful to a brave man." I felt the warm clasp of her fingers for a moment, and then with a flash of her eyes that set my blood on fire she was gone, and I was staggering down Doddridge Knapp's steps in a tumult of emotions. CHAPTER XIX. A Deal in Stocks. The wolf-face, seamed with hatred and anger, and hideous with evil passions, that had glowered for a moment out of the smoky frame of the Chinese den, was still haunting me as I forced myself once more to return to the office. Wednesday morning had come, and I was due to meet Doddridge Knapp. But as I unlocked the door, I took some comfort in the reflection that I could hardly be more unwilling to meet the Wolf than he must be to meet me. I had scarcely settled myself in my chair when I heard the key turn in the lock. The door swung open, and in walked Doddridge Knapp. I had thought to find at least some trace of the opium debauch through which I had gained the clue to his strange and contradictory acts. But the face before me was a mask that showed no sign of the experiences through which he had passed. For all that appeared, he might have employed the time since I had left here two days before in studying philosophy and cultivating peace and goodwill with his neighbors. "Ah, Wilton," he said, affably, rubbing his hands with a purring growl. "You're ready for a hard day's work, I hope." "Nothing would please me better," I said cheerfully, my repugnance melting away with the magnetism of his presence. "Is the black flag up today?" He looked at me in surprise for an instant, and then growled, still in good humor: "'No quarter' is the motto to-day." And I listened closely as the King of the Street gave his orders for the morning. "You understand now," he said at the end of his orders, "that you are to sell all the Crown Diamond that the market will take, and buy all the Omega that you can get below one hundred." "I understand." "We'll feed Decker about as big a dose as he can swallow, I reckon," said the King of the Street, grimly. "One thing," I said, "I'd like to know if I'm the only one operating for you." The King of the Street drew his bushy brows down over his eyes and scowled at me a moment. "You're the only one in the big board," he said at last. "There are men in the other boards, you understand." I thought I understood, and sallied forth for the battle. At Doddridge Knapp's suggestion I arranged to do my business through three brokers, and added Lattimer and Hobart to Wallbridge, and Bockstein and Eppner. Bockstein greeted me affably: "Veilgome to de marget vonce more, Mr. —, Mr. —." "Wilton," said Eppner, assisting his partner in his high, dry voice, with cold civility. His blue-black eyes regarded me as but a necessary part of the machinery of commerce. I gave my orders briefly. "Dot is a larch order," said Bockstein dubiously. "You don't have to take it," I was about to retort, when Eppner's high-pitched voice interrupted: "It's all right. The customary margin is enough." Wallbridge was more enthusiastic. "You've come just in the nick of time," said the stout little man, swabbing his bald head from force of habit, though the morning was chill. "The market has been drier than a fish-horn and duller than a foggy morning." Lattimer and Hobart, after a polite explanation of their rules in regard to margins, and getting a certified check, became obsequiously anxious to do my bidding. I distributed the business with such judgment that I felt pretty sure our plans could not in any way be exposed, and took my place at the rail in the board room. The opening proceedings were comparatively tame. I detected a sad falling-off in the quality and quantity of lung power and muscular activity among the buyers and sellers in the pit. At the call of Confidence, Lattimer and Hobart began feeding shares to the market. Confidence dropped five points in half a minute, and the pit began to wake up. There was a roar and a growl that showed me the animals were still alive. The Decker forces were taken by surprise, but with a hasty consultation came gallantly to the rescue of their stock. At the close of the call they had forced it back and one point higher than at the opening. This, however, was but a skirmish of outposts. The fighting began at the call of Crown and Diamond. It opened at 63. The first bid was hardly made when with a bellow Wallbridge charged on Decker's broker, filled his bid, and offered a thousand shares at 62. There was an answering roar from a hundred throats and a mob rushed on Wallbridge with the apparent intent of tearing him limb from limb. Wallbridge's offer was snapped up at once, but a few weak-kneed holders of the stock threw small blocks on the market. These were taken up at once, and Decker's brokers were biding 66. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

MISSOURI NEWS Sought Death When Husband Teased. St. Louis.—Because her husband teased her when she asked for his wages Wednesday night Mrs. Luis Merkel, 22, of 827 South Sixth street, swallowed a solution of blue glass stone in an effort to end her life. Her husband, Charles took her to the City Dispensary where she was given an antidote and revived. Husband and wife then returned home basking in each other's smiles and forgiveness. Folk to Close in Boone. Jefferson City.—Gov. Folk will close his campaign for United States senator in Boone county, making a tour of that county Monday, November 2. October 26 he will speak at Weston, Platte city and Excelsior Springs. On Tuesday Thursday and Saturday of that week he will speak in St. Louis. Wednesday, October 28, he will make three speeches in Cole county, the last one being at Jefferson City. Reward for Escaped Convict. Jefferson City.—The Governor has issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$300 for the apprehension of Herbert Jones, who escaped from the Stone county jail at Galena the night of Oct. 10, 1908. Jones killed Samuel Taylor and was convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to 10 years in the Penitentiary a day or two before he made his escape from jail. Originated Canned Beef. Kansas City.—Robert Sutherland, an associate of Phillip Armour in the early days of the packing business, and who is said to have been the originator of the canned beef industry died here, aged 65 years. He had been superintendent of both the Chicago and Kansas City packing houses of Armour & Co. Jasper County Ready for Crooks. Carthage.—The county court proposes to do all in its power to make difficult the work of the election crook in Jasper county on Nov. 3. A reward of \$100 has been offered for the selling of a vote; another of \$50 for the detection and conviction of the crime of using liquor to influence voters. Court Sells Fruit. Kansas City.—A large quantity of canned apples and blackberries was ordered sold by the United States court here. The fruit was grown in Arkansas, canned in Michigan and labeled Michigan grown. The court decided that this labeling was a violation of the pure food law. Kennett, Mo., Has \$75,000 Fire. Kennett.—Fire in the business district here caused a loss of \$75,000, with about \$30,000 insurance. Four stores were burned. The fire originated in the Rosenwater confectionery, and when discovered was beyond the control of the bucket brigade. This city has no waterworks. Killed by Auto in Storm. Kansas City.—Hiding behind her umbrella to protect herself from the wet snow which was falling, Mrs. Louise Olmstead, 57 years old, was run down and killed by an automobile. Mrs. Olmstead had just started to cross a street when the car came along at the rate of ten miles an hour. W. C. T. U.'s Didn't Throw Lemons. St. Clair.—Statements that W. C. T. U. women of St. Clair were believed to have been guilty of throwing lemons at Speaker Cannon when he spoke here last week are denied by officers of the organization. Prospecting for Coal in Wellsville. Wellsville.—Eugene Green of St. Louis has bought and obtained options on 1400 acres of land adjacent to this city. He will prospect for coal and fire clay. A car load of machinery arrived and drilling was begun on the Ed Delematre farm, one mile west of town. Injunction in Rate War. Kansas City.—Judge Smith McPherson, federal court granted a restraining order preventing Ewing Cockrell prosecuting cases against the Missouri Pacific railroad company to enforce the maximum freight rate law. The application was made by Frank Hagerman. Arguments will be heard November 9. Fire Panic in Woman's Home. St. Louis.—Bent with infirmities, a score of old women in the Home for the Friendless, 4431 South Broadway thought only of each other and of the weaker ones among them when fire started at the institution. Their trinkets, treasures of a lifetime, were secondary considerations with the aged women. Oldest Piker Dies. Louisiana.—Dr. J. T. Matson, aged 67, the oldest native-born resident of Pike county, died at his home here. He was one of three surviving members of the Missouri Constitutional convention. Dr. Matson resided in St. Louis from 1859 to 1864. His later years were spent in Ralls and Pike counties. Four children survive—John W. Matson, an attorney, and Mrs. R. J. Hawkins, this city; Mrs. A. D. Hoes, Deer Lodge, Mont.; and Mrs. B. J. Smith, Jackson, Miss.